There it goes in the printer's stick. BY CABLE. Under the ocean, under the roar, From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry shore, Comes the news by the cable's flash-News of the good, news of the rash; News of the noble, news of the 'squire; News of the floods, news of the fire;

News of cold, news of hot. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! There it goes in the printer's stick.

TRY TELEPHONE. There where the willows thickly grow; There where the waters gently flow; There where the throng is kneeling low; There in the sunlight's golden glow, With face the hue of virgin snow, Lies the form of maiden fair, Driven to death by fell despair, Victim of want or treach'rous snare. Clickety-click! Clickety-click!

Goes the tale in the printer's stick, BY THINGRAPH. Out in the cold and silent street, With half-clad form and frozen feet Whom none did know and none did greet Numb and cold in the wintry sleet, Passed a child with step so slow-She prayed to God who loved her so, And starved and died in the winter's sn Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Goes the tale in the printer's stick.

The rich and poor alike will seek The precious words these books bespea Words of fire that sway the heart; Words of love and charity's part; Words that tell of the ages old, Of martyrs, saints, and heroes bold; Words of the truth and words that lie; Words that will live while nations die. Clickety-click! Clickety-chek! Go these words in the printer's stick.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE MORNING PAPER. The good and true, the base and false, The paths of sin where honor halts, Whatever happens worthy to see, Out in the world or down in the sea, Schold them there on the gleaming page, Gems of genius, statesmen and sage-All are printed and sped away For the world to read at break of day. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! This is a tale of the printer's stick. -Sydney T. Bates.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

the Town."

fitness in the name. Both were so might live?" thin that you wondered as you gazed; a point. But Pins wore a black poke and I'd rather you'd have it." bonnet, which, being very full, gave The days wore on. Needles talked blue-eyed needles, was smaller in the to see her. head than elsewhere even, and that clear sharp eye of hers that looked up | tor?" at you demanded imperatively to be threaded right away.

Pins had been married twice and had had an ailment which had been relieved by the efforts of the church. four hundred of which had been kind- Prissy 'll pay you.' ly appropriated by the relative who had aided her in getting it from the ble bill. had an adventure. She had lived with got off the only debt we had and we've "Why, nicely, I guess. I never heard Pins always through all her troubles, only got to live."

look at it," said Pins, "for there's while against the distant winter. But enough here for a dozen, and it's richest and most productive fertilizer for my nephew was recently cured when eleven button-holes and six buttons then there was the rent of their two lonely eating by one's self. Besides, I put on a farm is brains. It is becom- his physicians said recovery was impossible. and the gussets to every shirt, but it's little rooms, a dollar a month, one-half want to talk over old times with you. ing just as apparent, too, that farming The case seems to me to be a wonderfu better'n nothing," and they got along. of all they earned. And suppose they Just a minute I thought she was going is a legitmate business and not a mere one." cheerful and uncomplaining! So the twain lived on through long years like day that shook the thin withered frame stiff as a poker and said: Thank you, successfully than it did fifty years ago. nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul two beams of pale, wintry sunshine, or of Needles and left her gasping for Mr. Curtis, I must be going,' and she It is one thing to raise a crop and it is Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when like two withered, shrunken apples on breath. Pins came to her anxiously.

a bare bough. It was one day in Lent, and Pins, who had been to the weekly service, was coming down the church hill slowly, when two women just ahead of her stopped abruptly at the signboard.

"Look at that," said one, and she read it out: " Sealed proposals will be received by the selectmen of the town of W-- for the keeping of the Town Poor for the year beginning May 1, 188-. All proposals will be opened at the town house, Monday, April 15, and the contract awarded to the lowest bidder,' ain't that a shame?"

"If women ever do vote in this town that's one of the things they'll change anyhow. Who's got 'em this year?"

"Mrs. Bruno, and guess she'll put in the lowest bid."

"The Lord have mercy on 'em then.' The two moved on as they spoke, and Pins, who had paused involuntarily behind them and heard all they said, moved on too. But her poor old heart was beating so fast and loud that she could scarcely breathe, though she pulled the old green vail she wore down over her face, as though the mild, spring air was all too sharp for her. Under the great old elm trees, that make that lovely walk for which W --- is so famous, she went, looking out across the blinding April sunshine, seeing nothing, thinking only of was sick and had been ailing lonely without you." for a year now, and the money was almost gone, and unless bands. Don't you think you'll know paper: "For my burying," and laid the Lord in His mercy interfered and 'em?" took her home they must both go on the town and be sold with the rest of ell anywhere I set eyes on him, and as asleep. the town paupers. The poor old heart for Amasa Youngs-" beat faster and the thin old hands "Sister, I hope you don't bear no Prissy, wake up! I've got something are invariably used. Over the hips for trembled as she hurried on. She had malice. He's dead and gone, you for you! Won't you speak to me? It's wasted time to-day going up to the know." Lent service, she would not do it again, "So'll I be, Prissy, when I see him- Mary you used to give the ginger cakes is carried high at each side in soft unand now she must hurry home again | if I do." and work on those shirts. Perhaps she "Sister-" might even finish them and do a little

few more cents. She came into the little room where each other."

"There now," said Needles, "you at it."

aint took off your hat nor shawl, an' Pins' old lips trembled and she burst | with him till you come. nto tears.

"Come here, Prissy." She went over and sat down by Nee-"Now tell me what it is. Why, sis-

er, you frighten me looking so."

old lips to utter a word. week and they all say Mis' Bruno will woman. put in the lowest bid."

nothing to us, thank the Lord." I don't know where we are turn; I closed forever. can't beg an' my eyes is gettin' so Pins buried her, "a good decent weak I can't hardly sew, an' lots o' | burial that the town didn't have no times I just fall asleep over those but- hand in," she said to herself, grimly.

my God!"

back on the pillow with the cry. But worked even less swiftly and steadily in a moment she had raised herself now. There was something gone from again and sat upright to speak with the life and the eyes wandered wistenergy and decision:

stop your crying and listen to me, fore long, it happened that the dozen There's those cherry chairs, you can shirts took two weeks instead of one sell 'em to old Johnson and you shall to finish. Then coarser work was do it, and there's that silver of mine taken that tried the old eyes less and and that silk dress. I've had it a good that only paid three shillings a dozen while, but 'taint likely I'll ever want instead of lifty cents. Nineteen cents it again. Then there's that apple tree a week! It wasn't much to live on, stand father made. What do we want but she did it. Easily too, as her apof two tables? We'll sell off these petite began to fail her, and soon she things, Prissy, and, please the Lord, began to lay by out of that little sum we won't be sold for paupers to the something more for her burying. She lowest bidder this year. And, Prissy, couldn't eat the coarse food she when Mr. Lee comes along next week | bought, and day after day a little you take out two dozen shirts like we used to. I ain't so far gone that I can't all she took. But worse of all was the sew yet, and when I lie awake nights loneliness. She missed her sister so! with the cough it'll amuse me." "But, Roxy, suppose we use it all

hat! Didn't the raven feed the prophet | was over seventy, and the old shed few Elijah? Have you forgot the barrel of | tears, but to remember. meal and the cruse of oil that did not waste nor fail through all the famine? Read your Bible, sister, and trust the friends, and she would be often asked

But Needles, who had watched her | man of the house remark: "Prissy al-As she stooped over her the sick old don't she, wife?" and she hurried How They Managed to "Keep Off woman threw her arms around her home in an agony of shame. She sister's neck and drew her down to never went again. her in a passionate embrace, and Pins "Pins and Needles," that was what she put her away a little and looked rough exterior, overtook her as she pneumonia, which is in no sense con-

neither was ever guilty of donning "Never do it again, Prissy. Pray I crinoline or bustle, and both, conse- may die soon, for I'm afraid, sister, I'm there's complaints. But paupers ain't quently, tapered down to the feet in a afraid the meal and the oil won't hold easy to satisfy no way you can fix it. I way strongly suggestive of coming to out through the famine for both of us wish we hadn't had to give them to

ber a little top or head, while Needles, with the doctor the next time he came "I can't get well, no way, can I, doc-

little easier, ain't it?"

"Yes." Likewise, her last husband had been ter not come any more. I can stand was useless. There was nothing left. run over by a train—thus furnishing | what I've got to stand, I guess, and I'll | She must die. her the sum of five hundred dollars, do without ease for the rest of the time. The days were on. It was the third

railroad company. Hers had been an "There," said Needles, exultantly, know how old Mis' Youngs is getting of study, practice, close observations pale and flabby; has frequent chills and eventful life. But Needles had never as she watched him go, "now we've along?"

and being the weaker physically, as Only got to live! Was it ever harder she was the stronger mentally, of the work to live? Fifty cents a week from for a pound of crackers, and she looked two, had been taken care of by her that stream of shirts that poured in so white and faint I tried to make her younger sister, who loved and cher- and out, and there was soap and sit down. You know my wife always ished her tenderly. The two supported matches and oil and flour and meat to sends me down a hot lungs, and it themselves by making button-holes in get. No fire-wood, thank God! for at came just then. I happened to look a cataract of shirts that poured into the old home across the way Pins was up and I saw her eye it so wistful-like, their little room every Wednesday allowed to pick up all the fragments of when my little Mary spread it out, that and out again the following Tuesday. | boughs she could find in the old or- I sent Mary off quick, and then I said: "Fifty cents a dozen for finishing of chard, and the fragments were many Come, Mis' Youngs, sit down here farming as a business, for it is becom-'em off ain't much when you come to and they burned little, saving all the and take lunch with me. I've got ing more apparent every day that the So thin, so worn, so patient, so should have to have any thing beside? to do it, when there came steps on the means of eking out a livelihood. It knows, appreciates and declares the There came a fit of coughing one bridge and she straightened herself up takes a better head now to run a farm value of that preparation, because his

> "Are you worse, sister?" she asked. "No, sister, but I do suffer so." Pins laid down the shirt she was working on, and took down her old Poor-house." bonnet and shawl from the press.

"Where be you going, Prissy?" "To the doctor," and the shaking old hands tied the ribbons resolutely. "I can't stand this, no way. It's worse than being farmed out, sister," and dreamed of it. "Inasmuch as ye did be attributed to a lack of business

he could do, but that he did, and first truly she had never so flown over it, for every farmer's son in the land, oly over disease and I personally know that of all he took the needle out of Needles' even to meet her lover. thin old hand.

From that day on she set herself with all the force of a resolute and loving new butter, wine and jelly and a little record of what it has cost and earned, nature to die. It was pitiful to see how she clung to Pins and longed to then she started. stay for her sake, even as she felt that | Pins had gone home with her crack- control its management, will produce she must make haste to go for that ers and sat down in the little room. | more than one hundred and sixty acres same dear sake; and the conflict be- There was a little fire in the old stove on the slip-shod plan. A farmer is a tween longing and steady purpose and she went to the cupboard to make better farmer when he can keep books

don't spend much money on me. I'd mustn't find it empty," she said, and rather the town should bury me than she sat down in the old arm-chair. that you should come on the town 'There's wood in the box," she

finally. The slow tears rolled down Pins' and tea in the pantry, and nobody need cheeks. "Pll bury you myself, sister," ever know but what I had enough alshe said, earnestly, "and I won't live | ways, an' there's ten cents in my purse, long enough after to trouble the town, too." She laughed a feeble laugh of no way.

that cruel notice. For Needles be long after me, Prissy, for I shall be in the corner and took out her savings

"Know em? I'd know Silas Wether- sat down in the old chair and fell

"Nothing, sister, nothing." But she along as well as we have." sat down as she spoke and caught up "No, Prissy, we shouldn't. Amasa's keeping of the town poor, the con-

"As for Silas," she went on after a here you be settin' right to work at minute, "I never had no conceit of that 'ere sewing. What is it, sister?" him nohow, but I'll try to get along

"He'll be there, sister." "O, yes, he'll be on hand. He always was on hand when nobody wanted

Only a few days after Needles died. It was one lovely August morning in Pins hesitated a moment and then the early dawn that Pins heard her call she spoke, though it was hard for the and came hastily from the little inner room where she had been trying to rest "It's the farming of the town poor, a little. She came out and bent over sister. They will be farmed out next to kiss the withered lips of the dying

"Sister, do you know me? It's I, "Well, what of it, sister? 'Taint Prissy," she said. "Sister! good-morning, sister!" The dying eyes opened "Sister-the money's most gone and for one last loving look and then

"Mebbe I'll have to be buried by the "Prissy, you don't mean that we-O, town myself, but sister wasn't," she said, and she took up her work again. The sharp old face of Needles fell But, alas! the stiff, hard old fingers fully over the meadows while the work

"Prissy, that sha'n't be. Now just dropped idly from her hands. So, bebread and butter and a cup of tea was Again and again she would start up in the night thinking she heard her call, and then would lay herself back on

She took to going about a little now, stopping at the houses of by-gone to stay to dinner or to tea with them. Needles was the stronger willed of How good the food tasted! It would the two, and Pins rested gladly on be easier to wait for death she fancied her word, and took off her bonnet | if she could always have food like that. and shawl and hung them in the press. But one day she overheard the good wistfully, motioned her to come near. | ways happens around about meal-time,

That same day one of the selectmen, felt the hot tears on her face. Then a kindly-natured man, though with "There's complaints, . Mis' Youngs,

Mis' Bruno." "Does she give any outside help,

'squire?" "No, Mis' Youngs, she don't, and it's comes mighty hard on some of

The last faint hope was gone. She "And all you can do is to make me a had thought that perhaps she might ttle easier, ain't it?" humble herself to ask for a little town help to "keep her off the town," as our "Well then, doctor, I think you'd bet- New Englanders put it. But now it

day after that the old storekeeper said And Prissy settled the very reasona- to the 'squire's daughter as he handed her her mail: "Miss Mary, do you

of her wanting any thing."

"Well, she was up here this morning was off. I looked out and there was another thing to convert it into the hind her. Miss Mary, I'm afraid that | good judgment will secure the former, is well."

"O. Mr. Curtis!" Miss Mary did not | lend to the latter. It is just as imporwait for any thing more. She flew tant for the farmer to know with mathehome. Old Prissy Youngs, suffering, matical exactness the sources of loss starving it might be, and she, absorbed and gain as it is for the merchant. in her own selfish happiness, had never | The annual waste on farms which may The doctor came. There was little known? How long the way was! Yet pay the cost of a business education er remedial agencies. They have no monop

At the house she filled a little basket with dainty things, fresh-laid eggs and | without a good set of books to keep a | be saved to earth by the use of any "unchicken broth and delicate bread, and and we claim, too, that a farm of eighty

weakened the faithful old heart still herself some tea. But there was so and transact business in a business-like little tea left in the caddy! she looked | way.-Western Plowman. "Prissy," said she, "when I am gone at it and then she put it back. "They

said gently to herself, "and crackers

gladness. Needles looked up wistfully: "Don't Then she went to the old hair trunk bank book. Ten dollars there still! "No, sister, but there's my two hus- She scrawled feebly on an old piece of it with the book on the table; then she mere, richly braided in a straight

"Miss Prissy! Miss Prissy! O Miss Mary, Mary. Don't you know me? to. Miss Prissy! Dear Miss Prissy!"

It is useless, Miss Mary; she will never "The Lord is merciful, and I think, wake again. But what is it that is tape weaving for Mrs. Curtis to earn a sister, I think He's made Heaven big saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it not?" the skirt is braided, a braided revers is enough so that Amasa and I won't see 'We therefore commit her body to set down one side of the bodice, with the grave-in the hope of a glorious surplice folds of the goods on the op-Needles lay on her cot, and Needles "Well, sister, if it hadn't been for resurrection"-but all through the posite side. A pretty fancy for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, eister? You look so white and peaked." but the eister? You look so white and peaked." but the eister? Poulook so white and peaked." But she by that ere train, we couldn't have got along as well as we have." resurrection —but all inrough the burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided a figure of the town "seeled proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services rang those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services range those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services range those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over burial services range those words: "lnashing as decided proposels for the looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "It is a looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "What's the matter, him dying as he did, getting run over looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "looked up at her." It is a looked up at her. "It is a looked up of the town, "sealed proposals for the | white faille or surah that is belted and death was a mercy any way you look tract to be awarded to the lowest bid- it. The vest is often richly embroidder."-Eva L. Ogden, in Good Cheer. ered. -N. Y. Post.

INDOOR AFFAIRS. PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Neven wet the hair if you have any tend-

ency to deafness; wear an oil-silk cap who

bathing, and refrain from excessive bathin

THE free use of onions for the table hi

always been considered by most people a healthy and desirable vegetable, and but

HONEY AS A CURE FOR SPRAINS .- Spread a

thick layer of honey on linen cloth, and bind

closely on the part, and apply splints if

necessary. It drew out the pain and swell

Less fussing for company-less worry

over the little matters-less care for what

mother time to make of herself the health-

ful woman as regards body and mind that

Does it ever occur to the owner of a cast-

dishes will be dry and ready to put away.

Unless an old dress is "as good as new,

t is better to rip it entirely from its founds

on, speuge, or wash and press, the goods

and select only the best parts for remaking

or combining with new material. This

really less work than to make many altera-

tions in a made-up garment and will be

CREAMED POTATOES.-Cut the potatoes in

nd when hot stir in a tablespoonful each of

butter and flour rubbed together, and one of

very finely minced parsley. Boil up once,

A RACY BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant

Truth.

found more satisfactory.

five minutes.

when all other remedies failed.

A Noted Veterinary surgeon on the Disease and Its Treatment Very little is known of the nature of pleuro-pneumonia in neat cattle. The causes of the disease, both immediate and remote, are subjects full of inter- for the odor, which is objectionable to many, est and paramount importance. A cor- they would be found more generally on our rect knowledge of them is not only the trustworthy guide to prevention of disease generally, but the only safe rule to govern the practitioner in making a diagnosis, and to form a more ing in a badly sprained wrist in a few hours, valid prognosis, and to point out the best effective indicated remedies in the course of treatment. It may be observed that the causes of pleuro-pneumonia have not as yet been satisfactorily explained to the minds of agricult- is needed by the growing young people. urists. The nature and origin of the disease are less understood and more involved in doubt and obscurity at this day than they should be. Pleuro-It is one of the extensive class and caused by the same agents in character, hacteria or germs, from which most, if not all, epidemic, endemic and epizootic diseases originate. Among the causes of pleuro-pneumonia may drainer. When they are all washed your be enumerated constitutional debility, local weakness resulting from previous pulmonary disease, irritants and stimulants too constantly applied to the mucous membranes of the respiratory breathing organs, exposure to cold, damp, fatigue, change of climate, temperature, uncleanliness, breathing a vitlated atmosphere in overcrowded stables totally unventilated other than by cold draughts of air. The air in these compartments is contaminated by the decomposition of animal, vegetable and other decaying matters and other impure substances. Briefly speaking, one and all things having the tendency to impair vitality must lower the health and vigor of the animal economy, and consequently increase the liability and susceptibility to disease, either idiopathic or local. Please note that fatigue, originating from first in beaten agg, then cover with finely-"Prissy, don't you dare to speak like her dreary pillow, not to cry, for she long driving, transportation in cars, food, not much or perhaps no exercise in the field or barnyard, and impure water may indeed promote a predisposition to the disease, increase and concentrate the animal effluvia and become the matrix and nidus of the organic poison. Yet it may be claimed that not one alone of these conditions or circumstances, or all of them combined, can possibly produce the disease

V. S., in Brooklyn Eagle.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Why It Is Needed on the Farm as Much as

The man who thinks a practical busi-

ness education is not needed on a farm

We claim, and think we can readily

acres with good business methods to

New French Polonaise.

The new French polonaise promises

to be in high favor during this and the

coming season, as it is very graceful,

very chic, and admits of the addition of

the extra-wide sash of watered silk at

the back. It is cut and finished in

severe tailor style, and is as follows:

It is usually made of silk-warp Henri-

etta cloth, India cashmere, fine pilot-

cloth, or corded silk for dress occa-

sions. The underskirt is generally of

order. The fronts of the polonaise

cuirass bodice, and to assist this per-

stout women there is but little full-

ness. For slender forms the drapery

dulations. The skirt portion of the

polonaise is wholly untrimmed, and is

simply finished with a deep hem. If

moire, but sometimes of cloth or cash-

prove, that no farm system is complete

New York Letter. Chap. L "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida, Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe. Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems. Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day question. But one thing is but I never read anything equal to the sarcertain: there must be the sub-book, written by some anonymous. I sustle poison to manipulate them pect the experience portrayed is a personal into operation, the specific influone; the author intimates as much on page ence to generate the disease, pleurothe irreverent youth of the town dubbed them. There was a comical "Sister, did you pray to-day that I him about that which was always in ber thoughts, "How does Mis" Bruno of warm blooded animals, man inher thoughts: "How does Mis' Bruno cluded. The effective stamping out of vestigate. It is also a cover for such displeuro-pneumonia can not possibly be eases as they can not cure. When they adaccomplished by indiscriminate slaugh- vise their patient to travel or that he has ter of dairy cattle, but can be by givsuffering from malaria, it is a confession of ing proper care to their sanitary condition, supplying sound, healthy food, "The patient goes abroad. The change is pure water, dry air, giving the ani- a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes mals the benefit of the sun during the home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritawarm hours of the day, and feeding bility, tired feelings, and general unfitness and watering at regular hours and in for business are succeeded in due time by

regular quantity. This prescribed alarming attacks of rhoumatism which flits treatment in the care and manage. about his body regardless of all human ment of not only cattle, but all do- feelings. "It is muscular-in his back. Articular mestic animals, will in most instances __in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he prevent this disease in question. De- fears it will fly to his heart! stroy the causes and you will have no

"Now off he goes to the springs. The effects to contend with and a final stop doctor sends him there, of course, to get will be put to flagrant and wanton de- well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands! struction of our invaluable and indis-That would hurt his business! pensable dairy cattle particularly, and "Better for a few days. Returns. After nest cattle generally, and the deple- a while neuralgia transfixes him. He tion of the farmers' purses will cease. blosts; can not breathe; has pneumonia; can not walk; can not sleep on his left side;

These views are based on many years is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is and diligent investigation of the vari- fevers; everything about him seems to go ons causes of the origin of the disease wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up of dumb animals. - Edward S. Smith, courage and demands to know what is kill-"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have

you kept me so long in ignorance?"
"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you ignorant of the facts." He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone in fees. But him, what becomes of him? The other day a well known Wall Street

does not have a very exalted idea of banker said to me "it is really astonishing how prevalent bright's disease is becoming Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, Mis' Bruno coming with old Jack be- most money. Industry, brains, and tical, but since taking that remedy the boy

woman is suffering and afraid of the and a good business education will sug- I happen to know what it was that cured gest methods and system which will the boy, for Genl, Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co's., told me that it was that wonderful remedy Warner's safe cure." Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured

himself by the same means. I can not close my notice better than by quoting the author's advice: "If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your it not"-how could she not have methods, would, we have no doubt, trust in physicians to the exclusion of othmany of them would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should authorized means."

A DROWNING man catches at straws, we are told, and so, also, does the thirsty man.

— Beston Post.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, April 28, 1888. COTTON-Middling
BEEVES-Good to Choice
Fur to Medium
HOGS-Common to Select
SHEEP-Fair to Choice
XXX to Choice
WHEAT-No. 2 Red Winter
CORN-No. 2 Mixed
OATS-No. 2
BYE-No. 2

TOBACCO Lugs Leaf Medium ...

HAY-Choice Timothy

BUTTER-Choice Dairy EGGS-Fresh. 11 6 14 2 PORK-Standard Mess (new). 14 10 6 14 2 7 N 6 fit the form with all the closeness of a CATTLE-Shipping.... CHICAGO. tection of fitting, silk bodice-linings are invariably used. Over the hips for Patents. 2 50 66 4 45 3 75 65 4 55 80 46 80 56 56 85 32 65 33 13 65 6 13 70 Patents. WHEAT-No. 2 Spring. OATS-No. 2 White... PORK-New Mess. KANSAS CITY. CATTLE-Shipping Steers ...

994@ 45%@ NEW ORLEANS. PLOUR—High Grade...... DORN—White DATS—Choice Western..... 8% 3 ... 6 LOUISVILLE. WHEAT-No. 2 Red.

DORN-No. 2 Mfxed DATS-No. 2 Mixed.

MONEST ENEMIES.

How They Assist Men in Developing True Never be afraid of a good honest enemy, says "Amber" in the Chicago Journal Cultivate one as old ladies cultivate catnip and thoroughwort. They may not be pleasant to have around, but if your moral and mental digestion get cloyed with the sweets of fluttery, and you are in danger of falling into a fever from excess of injudicious adulation, a good thor ough-spoken enemy will prove a very efficient equalizer and a wholesome tonic Peeple who don't amount to any thing never have enemies, any more than trees that don't bear fruit are stoned for apples. You never find bees buzzing around blossomless stalks; it is only where th the neighbors will say, will give the house sweetest flowers grow that they congre gate with endless fret and flurry. The fact that you have an enemy proves that you are alive. Nobody ever yet took the trouble to ride a tilt against the peaceful off rubber cost or circular that it could dreamers in a cemetry. Exemies are what easily be cut into a child's coat and made up | hoes are to potato hills-they keep down on the sewing-machine? If rusty and worn, the weeds. The cultivator, as it goes tearblack it up carefully with liquid shoe polish | mg between the corn-hillocks, brings all umonia is not a peculiar disease. and it will be fully as serviceable as a new the useless weeds to grief, but it sets the assel of the corn atilt like an emerald DISH-WASHING can be whittled down a lit- plume. Our friends sometimes, like the ie. Take two pans of hot water-one of faithless Delilah, luil us into dangerous strong suds and the other clean and hot. content, wherein we are despoiled of Wash the dishes in the suds, drop them into strength and of the qualities that the hot water, then turn them up in a dish- go to make up true manhood of womanhood, but, like the mosquito, our enemies are bound to keep us wide awake and active. Disease never came from a river that has a rocky channel and is

forced to battle its way over discouraging and baffling stones, but rivers that have no obstructions are ant to go by the name of ponds, and the very serenity of method, while it may seem unnecessary, is their stagnation breeds unwholesomoness. Give a young man a hard row in life, with plenty of discouragements and good wholesome criticism, and he will enter the port of middle age like a war-ship, thin slices; for a large vegetable dish staunch and full-manned. Give him a full of these, put a pint of milk over the fire, luxurious career of petted idleness, with no enemy to keep the watch on the lookout and he will sail into port very likely from mid-sea by downward plunge to the bot-

throw in the potatoes; shake the pan, using neither knife or spoon to avoid breaking them. Season with pepper and salt, simmer grow in the wrong direction, as city alder-men do-about the girth. Under the matism, kidney and liver complaints. Sweet fritters can be made of the remains of any kind of rich puddings, such as custard, ground rice, cabinet, arrowroot o sharp influence of honest criticism, we plum pudding. Cut the pudding intended grow as pine-trees do-straight toward for use into small neat squares; dip them Heaven. Then let us cultivate face-toface, honest enemies, and beware of the sifted bread-crambs, and fry them in butter false security of friendship. The one will till lightly colored; then dish them with a make a hero of you; the other will turn deficient ventilation, overcrowding, tiny piece of preserve placed between each sour or bad piece of pudding.

> Many a man gets a reputation for being a knowing man on account of his skill in becoming an owing man.—Siftings. The girl who won't be won usually remains one - Washington Critic.

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